# THE COMING OF THE GRANS.

Whetee cometh the gram-The andden secret grass? From what deep world lavishle What subterrement citadel, What army of elfin-land, Comes forth that swiftly marchaled band, That vision of unwarlke spears, Innumerable as the heavenly years?

How cometh the grass—
The irrestable grass?
We know not how, we cannot tell
The moment of that miracler?
We know not when, we know not how;
We know the earth was born and now
That plea antly our footsteps pass
Above the yielding emerald of the grass.

Where cometh the grass—
The all-ab\_unding grass?
Along the hills, the mradow sweet
The river side, the village street;
In forest nocks its tassels wave;
Its patient gracen enfolds the grave;
Beside the cottegs home doth press
The tender faithful grass with mute caress.

Why cometh the gram—
The bright, untiring gram,
That down the agen doth repeat
With every year its fdyl sweet?
To teach the truth d clared for thee
By gracious lips in Gallice:
"He careth." Then when doubts harms,
Heed thou the wise, soft whispers of the gram.

#### THE GIANT.

The whole population of the village was going down street, but Dr. Hicks was going up. His black coat was buttoned more tightly than usual about his spare form, his eyes glared rebukingly through his spectacles upon his neighbors hurrying by to the circus.

The doctor, in his quiet house on the hill, had a dozen boys, who, under his teaching, were preparing for college. He knew that they were hard at work now, with the windows closed to keep out the sound of the band and the cheering under the big tent. He had attended to that before coming out.

By dint of controlling boys twenty years, the doctor had begun to look upon all mankind as his pupils. He would have liked to tweak the ears of the squire, or set him down to ninety lines of Virgil, when he saw him going under the canvas cover. The next moment the good old man

stopped, appalled. There was his senior -the three boys who were reading the Iliad-standing at the ticket-officehigh hats, downy upper lips, canes 'Young' gentlemen, I thought better

of you than this!" We had a half-holiday, you remem-

ber, doctor.' "But to spend it in this scene of folly! You intend to become a physician, Mr. Maury. What confidence would a dying patient have in you, who had seen you staring at these painted creatures and human monstrosities? I do not exercise my authority. I only ask you to consider your own self-respect.'

The boys grew red and angry. They had planned this visit for days. The doctor stood looking anxiously into their faces.

Maury laughed. "We'll not go, sir. But out of respect to you; not to our-elves. Come, boys." Manry, who was always spokesman

nd leader, had not the least doubt that boys would follow him. The doctor after him with friendly eyes. dge Lloyd came up at the moment. It is easy to see who is your favorite scholar." he said.

"No, no. Charley is not my best Grecian, and is deficient in mathematics. well-James Maury." "An orphan, eh?

"Yes. His guardian sent him to me ten years ago. There was property enough, it seems, to educate him, but all of his unwieldly body, but he anno more. The boy has had a lonely life enough. He has no kinsfolk nor friends. The other boys have letters, boxes, visits from their friends, and go home in the holidays; but Maury has nothing to give interest to his life-except, indeed, the

wish not to disgrace the Maury name." 'If you please, sir, this is for you,' said a queer-looking boy, running against the doctor's legs and handing him a

"DEAR SIR"-the note ran-"I am the uncle and only living kinsman of your pupil, Charles Maury. As I wish to confer with you in reference to the boy, and can indebted to you it seal feel myself greatly indebted to you it sea will accompany the bearer, who will lead you to me.

"Respectfully, William K, Sperry."

"Uncle!! Maury! Most extraordinary coincidence! Ah! here is a

postscript: "You will oblige me by keering this communication a secret, especially com-

my nephew." "And where is Mr. Sperry " demanded the doctor, turning to the boy. "I'll take you to him," he said, and he began to dodge through the crowd, the doctor following him. Finally he

entered a house with windows looking toward the circus. The doctor sat down, bewildered by the sudden summons, the beating of drums, and the clangor of cymbals. "Mr. Sperry, being a stranger, has doubtless blundered into lodgings in this

place. It must be exceedingly unpleasant for a man of refinement to be within hearing of all this vulgarity. I shall take him home with me at once. 'Sperry'? Yes. Charley's father did marry a Sperry. Old Maryland family. Very strange I never heard of him before, though. The doctor's eyes, as he meditated,

wandered to the window. Opposite was a large opening in the canvas tent. The interior was in direct view. The doctor was human. He looked, rose, walked to the window.

The county had emptied itself into the circus. The massed heads rose, tier upon tier, from tan-bark to the roof. The ring-master strutted into the center of the circle, whip in hand.

"I have the pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, of introducing to you the world-renowned giant, Magog, measur-ing seven feet and nine inches from ead to heel. Step out, Magog!"
Magog entered the arena, clothed in

searlet, with nodding plumes in an immense chapeau. One of a family of giants," shouted

If this monstrosity had any human feeling, what tortures he must undergo to be thus exhibited as a b. at! "But

t is probable," thought the doctor, that he is but an animal, after all." "Where is Mr. Sperry?" he demanded, impatiently, of the boy. But that youth was staring through the windows into the tent.

"Where is Mr. Sperry?" he demanded, an winele as you."

"How do you feel now the physician, anxiously."

"Better, doctor, I can

"Circus is broke up! Magog's comin' this way!" he cried, excitedly. "He lodges here, air."

The doctor would have escaped, but it was too late. The door opened, and the great mass of flesh, scarlet and nodding dumes entered. It filled the room. The doctor fairly gasped for breath.
"I will go elsewhere to meet Mr.

Sperry," he said.
"Why," laughed the boy, "this is Mr. Sperry!"
Magog motioned the dumb and stunned doctor to a seat, and waited until the boy had left the room before he spoke.

"I am Charles Maury's uncle," he then said, in a voice singularly low and almost tremulous. "I know all that you would say," he hastened to add the disgrace, the misery to him. Perhaps the boy can be saved from knowing it. That is why I sent for you."

He leaned his head on his great staff, and was silent. The doctor could not

speak. The monster had some of the feelings of a man. That was plain; but his poor Charley-to find one of his family and kinsfolk in-this!-a creature not only set apart by nature from his kind, but so degraded as to be willing to make a show of himself!
"Charles does not know that he has

"In it necessary that he should know?"
"That is for you to determine, doctor," said Magog, in the same law, humble voice. "I will tell you the circum. stances:

'I was his mother's only brother, Owing to my-my misfortune-glancing hastily down at himself-"I never was able to enter into any profession or trade. My father left me a small farm in Maryla d-barely enough to support me and t e old black servants who waited on me.

"It is a very pretty place," he said, his broad face lightening. "When Jenny died—that was Charley's mother—they brought the boy home to me. I was very fond of him, sir. He was a noble boy! He is v. ry different from other boys, still?" 'Yes, no doubt."

Well, sir, I used to think much of that boy's future. He had no chance of an education. I had a bare pittance; he had nothing.

" Pardon me!-his father left some proprety.' "Not a penny. To cut the matter short, there was but one way to give him a chance, to make a man of him-

self, and I took it' You have exhibited yourself to educate this boy! The money has come from vou?"

The doctor rose as he spoke. His voice failed him, but he held out his hands. "Sir, I honor you! You have done a heroic deed! And it was just now that I thought you"—
"A brute," said Magog, with a feeble

laugh. "Many people feel that way; but not all,-not all! God made us all with the same blood and the same feelings, no matter how hideous our bodies. Many of the people who come to look at me remember that," "This life must have been a terrible

one to a man of sensitive feelings."
"It has not been pleasant," said Mr. Sperry, quietly: " but the boy has been happy. He will take his place in the world; but we giants are not a strong He paused, with a faint smile face. "The exposure and fatigue race." on his face. has brought disease. The physicians say that my death will be sudden, and, if I continue in this life immediate. sent for you to ask what is to become of Charles, I have saved a sum sufficient to carry him through his medical course, which I will leave in your hands. The boy need never know me. When you have this money secure, I shall be con-But he is an independent, high-spirited tented. The end may come when God

> You do not wish to see the boy, or to speak to him?" the doctor asked, looking keenly at him. The great creature trembled through

sweed, quietly,-"I would give years of life to touch his hand! Why, sir, what has kept me up through the life of torture but the It is a proposition where the state of the state thought of him? But no,-no! Do not bring him here. He would despise me. I-I could bear that from other children.

but-not from Charley." " You have left the matter with me said the doctor, rising resolutely. "am going to tell him the whole story.

shall bring him here to you. Not word, Mr. Sperry! I know I am right. But the doctor went home in sore anxiety. He was by no meanssure that the result would be right. Young Maury was a reticent, silent boy, proud of his name and blood. Was he capable of appreciating the noble self-sacrifice of his uncle's life? "If he does not, I shall be tempted to turn him out of my house," muttered the doctor.

He told Charley the story that evening. The boy listened without a word, took the had heard it all, he rose and "Wherehat. He was very pale. "I suppose v uncle?" he asked.

the evenfircus. It is the hour for stammered the doctor. "erformance,"
"You will come with me?" going to the door. The doctor followed meekly. When they reached the street outside of the

circus, a great crowd was in wild excite-"The giant-Magog-he is dying!" some of them cried.

" Where is he?" 'In that side tent there. He fell in

the arena, poor monster!" A few moments later the crowd about the fallen giant was thrust aside, and Charley Maury rushed forward, dragging one of the most skillful physicians in the town to his side.

"You must save him! He is the world!" he cried. "T'ncle?" muttered tipsy Joe Hill.
Why, I thought that young Maury was

a gentleman."

The doctor drove the crowd out of the tent. When Magog opened his eyes they rested on Char ey kneeling before him, and they filled with sudden terror. He struggled to rise. "Do you know who I am?" he whis-

pered. "Oh, why did you not tell me before?" ried Charley. "I have been so alone the showman. "Father and mother cried Charley. "I have been so alone both giants! Fifteen children, all in the world! I will never leave you giants, and this is the youngest! Show your paces, Magog! Feel his arms, gentlemen. Solid flesh. No deception.

The great creature stood still told a crowd of men and boys pinchel fland fingered his limbs. The doctor arms away with a sudden feeling of nause. If this monstressity had any human is found in the world? I will hever leave you again, uncle. I shall be a happier, better boy, now that I know that there is one in the world who cares for me. I shall have a home now like other boys."

His uncle looked at him bewildered. Was the boy actually rejoicing to have found him?

But you forget," he said. "I am a and have followed this low

he said; " surely not too much of such an emele as you."
How do you feel now, sir?"

There could not be too much of you,

sion of the old farm, taught and studied by turns until he had gained his profession. He is a physician now, with a loving little wife and two rosy boys, who, like himself, declare every day that they have the best uncle in the world, and that there never can be too much of

A Sacred Prince a Common Felon.

The Calcutta correspondent of the London Titaes writes as follows: A special

high court bench, consisting of the chief justice and two puisne judges, will sit to-morrow to hear the appeal in the case of the rajah of Poorree. The advocate-general, on behalf of the government, will support the conviction. No case since the famous Baroda trial has excited so much interest. The rajah is the hereditary guardian of the Temleaves the temple for the Juggernaut car | gaze, He is also the circular head of the Hindoo religion in Orissa, and is worshiped by the Ooryah people as the visi-ble incarnation of Vishnu, being re-garded as the lineal descendant of the the Ganges to Godavery. The mursanctity, enjoyed a special reputation in curing diseases. The salient facts of the case, as given in the judgment of the district court, are shortly these. The victim of the murder was discovdays in agony. His statement was that two servants of the rajah had come to his house and told him that their master wanted him. He was accordingly conducted into the gymnasium of the palace, where the rajah, with ten or twelve servants, was present. He was rance in the work of incantation against | front! Oh, it was awful! it was that; him, or that there was some in-trigue between them. The trial, which lasted a considerable time, created a profound sensation in Crissa, in consequence of the special sanctity both of the accused and the murdered man. The assessors were for acquitting the rajah, but the judge convicted him, though curiously enough he sentenced him only to transportation for life. The rajah now appeals from this sentence to the high court. He is only twenty-two years of age, and is said to have hitherto led a blameless life.

## Brigham Young's Money.

(Salt Lake Tribune, ) The administrators of Brigham's estate are settling up with quite a number of the heirs, transferring to them individually property amounting to \$21,000 each. The dear departed's wayward daughter Em. arrived from California, a few days since, and, we understand has made a settlement with the executors, receiving her share of the spoils, with which she proposes returnto the coast, where she intends allowed to draw breath on a street with settling down, down! It is stated that the executors have made settlement with all the children of Emeline Free, deceased, of whom the wayward daughter is one, and that the other heirs are being similarly dealt with. Alfales, Hon, and Oscar B. having already re-

It is a proposition which, in the very nature of things, must be true, that a man who has never been compelled, through necessity, to earn a dollar, never knows the value of money. The children of the late Brigham Young are of this class. It is true that some of them have contracted habits of industry, and with the start they are getting out of the estate, may wag through the world. But it is to be remembered that they had every indulgence that money could buy, and have not learned to realize that the church or some one else had to pay the expense. Taking these considerations into account, it is safe to assume that it will take nine-tenths of the beirs a dozen years to learn to save money. In the meantime not one of them can live for less than five dollars per day, and allowing that each receives \$20,000 as his portion, it will be less than eleven years before they are penniless. Some of them of course will learn habits of frugality and indu-try sooner than others—before the expiration of eleven years-and such, when their dream of royalty is dispelled by the sneers and ice s of honest people, will have a little nebeir patrimony left, and these must Grandtilly be few, and the poverty of upon his postohn Young will return next generation. during this and the Snalls as Foo....

The use of horse flesh as an arfood has made great progress in Parc. where about a thousand horses per week are said to be slaughtered, the animals even being imported for that purpose. It is said that during the Exhibition, the hippophagists of Paris intend giving a banquet once a month to the journaluncle. He is the only friend I have in ists of all nations, where horse and ass flesh prepared in every seductive form will be served up. The snail is be-coming another fashionable article of diet in France, and for some Charley caught the words. "This is a gentleman," he said, laying his hand on poor Magog. "As noble a gentleman as ever God made!"

of diet in France, and for some time past a particular place has been appropriated for their sale in the Paris fish-markets. Snails, says one of the French journals, were highly esteemed by the Romans, our masters in gastron-omy, and are now raised in many of the departments with success. In the six-teenth century the Capuchins of Fri-bourg possessed the art of fattening snails —an art not lost in our day, for in Lorraine and Burgundy they raise excellent snails, which find sure demand in the Paris market. There are now more than fifty restaurants and more than a thousand private tables in Paris where snails are accepted as a delicacy by upward of ten thousand consumers, the monthly consumption of this mollusc being estimated at half a million. Frank Buck-land tells us that snails are becoming scarce in the neighborhood of London where for some time snail-collecting has been a regular trade.

RUSSVLL Club, for ladies and gentle men, will soon be opened in Regent street, London. One of the new club's attractions is the possession of a box at the R yai Italian Opera, the tickets for "Better, doctor. I can't afford to die now."

He did not die. Charley seemed suddenly grown into manhood. He harried his uncle back to Maryland, took possessions.

Mr. Pottles Gets on an Innocent Spree.

[Breakfast Zahle,]

Mr. Pottles had only been married two months, and the first lecture course had not yet opened. He was wedded to a sweet, blue-eyed little lassie with golden curls and a sunny smile, who loved him to distraction, and believed that he moved on a plane but little believe the angels; and to tell the truth. low the angels; and, to tell the truth, Mr. Pottles was a pretty straight sort of Mr. Pottles was a pretty straight sort of a man. He belonged to no lodges, and bad never looked upon the wine in any color. The foaming lager lured him not, and the mystery of these pernicious decoctions that befuudle the brain and raise old Ned with the purse was something he had never sought to fathom. The idea that we wish to impress is, that Mr. Pottles had never touched a drop of bug-juice in any shape. Lonesome? Well, perhaps he might have been at ple of Juggernaut, his special duty in Well, perhaps he might have been at that capacity being to sweep the space times, but he was free from headache, and in front of the throne when the god had a nose that shrunk not from public

A little cloud came over Mr. Pottles' Eden one day, and blurred the bright aurora of his newly wedded bliss. It happened that he had an occasion to visit a distillery on a business matter, old Hindoo king of Orissa, whose do-minions are said to have extended from proprietor to take a tour of inspection the Ganges to Godavery. The murdered man, a Hindoo ascetic of great sanctity, enjoyed a special reputation in would—they all do soener or later." Not a bit of it-not a single drop did he taste. But he inhaled the vapor and drank it in through the pores, and when he came out into the sunlight Mr. ered by the police in front of the lion Pottles was thoroughly drunk from the gate of the Juggernaut temple, covered with burns and other marks of stepped high, and swaggered, and reeled indescribable torture. He lived fifteen and stumbled around for all the world as though he had got drunk in the oldfashioned orthodox way.

Perhaps there wasn't a scene when Mr. Pottles finally got home, smelling like a gin-mill, and looking like a Simonpure bummer with the marks of de-bauchery all over him! Well, when then thrown down and overpowered, the neighbor women on both sides got toand after being tortured for three gether and compared notes the next hours, was thrust out through a small day, it was their unanimous verdict that back door. After crawling some dis- a whole menagerie in one cage wasn't a tance he was eventually discovered by circumstance compared to Mrs. Pottles the police. The motive for the crime is with her mad up. She was little, but a mystery. The murdered man was unconscious of having offended the rajah, but stated that the dowager rance had and here he comes home with mud all consulted him regarding the state of the rajah's mind, and he had given directions for his cure. He had only once visited the palace. It was possible that the rajah had been induced to believe that he was empowered by the dowager

week was out. These terrible men! How deceiving they are! This man Pottles had declared up and down that he had never drank a drop in all his life, and now after he'd beguiled that sweet little mite to marry him, he must commence at his old tricks again, and come staggering home in broad day-light! It was horrid—awful—dreadful yes, it was outrageous - downright shameful; and if she had such a man to deal with-well, some folks would see whether she'd wash his face and chase out after a doctor to come and sober the wretch up, and give a certificate that he hadn't touched a drop—just got drunk on the smell of the drink—that was a little too thin. Some folks might believe it if they wanted to, but she wasn't quite fool enough for that herself yet, thank you. And so they went on, the two of them, convincing each other that Pottles was a fiend and a villain of the worst and lowest kind, and shouldn't be

respectable people. Poor Pottles had a trying time with his wife, and though he was far from being clear in the head, he has something like a definite recollection that his unexpected appearance developed no less than seventeen different varieties of hysterics within less than that many minutes after he fell into the house. It didn't seem to do the least particle of good for him to sit there in the middle of the floor and swear by his neverdying soul that he was sober as a pall-

bearer, and-" Hic-ain't tas'-hic-swallowtarry d-e-r-hop, my dear-jes'-hic-got sick on 'er-hic-smell-for fac'. Smell breathan'seefor-hic-yerself!" No, it didn't calm her a bit, and she

might have been charging and crying and tearing her hair, and bemoaning her cruel fate, and declaring she'd go right home to ma at once, if Mr. Pottles himself hadn't took a turn for the worse and got so deathly sick as to awaken her serious alarm and scare away all other

The doctor assured her there was no serious danger if he was only kept quiet, and upon his assurance that not a drop of stimulant had passed into his stom-ach, and the difficulty had occurred most likely just as he had claimed, she was of course ready to forgive and forget, but she has made him promise that he will never even take a the horrid stuff hereafter.

# Planetary Population.

On the interesting question of the plurality of worlds, Professor Newcomb remarks as follows: Enthusiastic writers not only sometimes people the planets with inhabitants, but calculate ne possible population by the number of our ear and surface and throw in a our ear- aly of a tronomers, who scan possibility of sowerful telescopes. The tion to deny; be sould be presump-improbable, at least one planet, may be seen by sextremely one planet, may be seen by se of any the brevity of civilization on of any when compared with the existence on probably been r-volving initsorbit 10,000-000 years; man has probably existed on it lesst han 10,000 years; dvilization, less than 4,000; telescopes, litle more than 200. Had an angel visited it at intervals of 10,000 years to seek br thinking beof 10,000 years to mee disappointed a ings, he would have bee disappointed a thousand times or mre. Reasoning from analogy, we were led to believe that the same disapportments might await him who should ow travel from planet to plant, and fro system to system, on a similar seam, until he had examined many thoused planets.

In the cornice overhe Utics courthouse is a large coly of sparrows. Last week one of the mber committed some offense and was rought up before one of the older birdind a large jury. The offender must be been guilty be-yond doubt, as the ti was a brief one. Within an hour thwicked bird was seized by four other and in spite of its struggles a cord athed to a bracket was twisted arounds neck; when all was twisted arounds neek; when all was secure the birds dropped and it quickly strangled, he victim's body still hangs from on the pillars of the temple of justice warning to all other offenders age the laws of the sparrows.—Utica Ed.

THERE is a ret of spotted silks and satins and sofilled Foulards.

Lectic Exploration.

Barpur's Weskiy. Little is needed at any time to rouse enthusiasm in regard to an expedition which has for its purpose the discovery of particulars concerning the voyage of the ill-fated Franklin, whose mysterious disappearance amid the frozen regions of the North has been the cause of much public and private lamentation. At present, however, unusual interest is felt in the matter from the fact that within the past six years certain in-formation has been gathered by Northern explorers which leads to the conclusion that there may even yet be a chance of obtaining full records of all that happened to the daring crew who, with their beloved leader, perished in the Artic expedition of 1845.

In 1872 Captain Potter, in command of an American whaler in Hudson Bay, met some Esquimaux of the Nachili-tribe, near Whale Point, to the south of Repulse Bay. The Nachilis are natives of the Boothia Isthmus, often mentioned in the narratives of Sir John Ross. They told Captain Potter that a party of white men came, a long time before, to a place in the Gulf of Boothia, where the Nachili were then wintering, and they all died there. The captain also ob tained some silver and other things belonging to the Franklin expedition from these people. In 1877 Mr. Thomas F. Barry, in the whaler A. Houghton, belonging to Messra, Morrison and Brown, of New York, wintered at Marble Island, off the mouth of the Wager River. He was visited by other Esquimaux of the Nachili tribe, from whom he obtained a spoon with Sir John Franklin's crest upon it. They told him exactly the same story as had been told to Captain Potter five years before. Two, who were between fifty and sixty years of age, said that they had seen the white men. They added that the white men had a leader, but that when the spring came they were all dead. After a good many had died, the rest made a cairn, and put under it some things like the book in which Barry was writing, and which the Nachili examined. They offered to go and point out the spot where the cairn still remains, with the books under it; but it involved a journey of several hundred miles, and Barry was unable to undertake it. When asked to point out the position of the island where the white men died, on the map, they always put their fingers on a spot in the unexplored part of the Gulf Boothia, northwest of the entrance to Fury and Hecla Strait, in the direction of Felix Harbor of Ross, on the east coast of Boothia.

Upon the return of Captain Barry the interest of several influential gentlemen was awakened in the cairn and the valuable relics it is supposed to cover. It was determined, if possible, to send a vessel to the North for the purpose of discovering the repository, and the ac-cumulation of a fund for the purpose was immediately begun. In the meantime the business of testing the evidence of the existence of the cairn, and the probabilty of its being situated in the place indicated was intrusted to Chief Ju-tice Daly, of this city. This gentle-man had a long and satisfactory conversation with Captain Barry, and at the same time heard from Joe, the faithful companion of Captain Hall, who gave his testimony in regard to Captain Barry's familiarity with the Esquimau language. The result of further investigation seemed to prove conclusively that the supposed position of the cairn is precisely at that point whither the cord. The result of the inquiry was such as to convince Messrs, Morrison and Brown that the \$10,600 placed in their hands for the purpose might with propriety be spent in fitting out a vessel to go in search of the cairn. The Eothen, which has been selected, is a small ship of one hundred and two tons burden, but considered perfectly adapted to the work she is to undertake. Her com-mander will be Captian Barry, whose interest in the affair and experience in the artic seaseminently fit him for the

position. The exploring party will be simply passengers aboard the vessel, selected with a view to the necessities of such an expedition, and commanded by Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, who has not been identified with labors of exploration, but has heretofore served his country in the capacity of an army officer, whose business it is to protect our frontier from the incursions of the Indians. Lieutenant Schwatka is but twenty-eight years of age, and comparatively a young commander for the difficult and dangerous enterprise now before him. Light in complexion, strong and well built, he has, however, the appearance of a man whose experience is beyond his years. As his name sug-gests, he is of foreign extraction. Born in Illinois, on the completion of his school career he entered West Point, where he graduated in 1871. While fond of his profession, he entertained at the same time a taste for medicine, and having procured a six months' leave of absence from his regiment, he came to New York, where, after a diligent course of study, he graduated at the Bellevue Medical College. It was at one time his intention to become a surgeon in the army, abandoning his place in the line, but the outbreak of the Indian war caused him to relinguish this intention. Thus he was on the field during the bloody struggle which cost us Custer but culminated in the subjugation of Chirf Joseph. During this time he fully demonstrated his ability as a

globe itself as a planet. The latter has It was while with his regiment in the calmonat Lieutenant Schwatka first be-explorationed in the subject of arctic ern newspapers arning from the East-Barry and the inforstory of Captain him from the Easthim from the Esquimauxp, elicited by of the young soldier was fired ambition discover for himself whether thand mightest at some future day be enabled markable cairn positively existed, and to provide thyself with honest bread. what relies it might contain. There could be no doubt that many articles belonging to Sir John Franklin and his ill fated crew had been found in these regions, and the story of the cairn was altogether probable. Having considered the matter for some time, Lieutenant Schwatka obtained leave from his commanding officer and came to New York manding officer and came to New York, where he at once put himself in com-munication with Messrs. Morrison and Brown, who were glad to find so able and energetic a man desirous of putting himself at the head of their cherished

enterprise.

Although, as already suggested, he is new to the business of exploration, Lieutenant Schwatka has given a great amount of study to the subject, and has laid his plans with the skill of a veteran. laid his plans with the skill of a veteran. He proposes to take with him as assistants only such persons as are necessary to the expedition. There will be a photographer, provided it is found practicable to use the necessary chemicals in such an extremely cold climate; there will be a hunter, whose business it will be to provide supplies of game;

and "Esquiman Joo," who will not as guide and interpretur—those, with three or four others, will probably complete the party. The vessel, it is supposed, will go into winter-quartees at Repulse Bay. In the spring of 1879, when alledding becomes the string of the contraction of the second string of the contraction of the second string of the se ding becomes practicable, the search party will proceed by land or rather ice—toward the point where the cairn is supposed to be situated, some four or five hundred miles from the bay. year is to be given to the search, at the year is to be given to the search, at the end of which the party will return in time to meet the vessel, which shall have spent the same time on a whaling cruise in North Hudson Bay. In July or August of 1880, if all goes well, we shall see the expedition return to New York. This, at least, is the programme at present laid down, subject to such mutations as circumstances shall necess

# The State of Mind of the Sultan.

There is no government, no King over Islam. The Sultan has just power enough, and enough strength of will to keep his Empire in a state of permanent anarchy. The madness which in his unfortunate brother assumed the character of a profound melancholy, exhibits in Abdul Hamid all the symptoms of at abject timidity. No one can imagine by what endless variety of insane terrors Abdul Hamid is haunted. The conspir-icy of which the half-crazed and profligate Ali Suavi took for some time the lead, and to which he fell a victim, has, indeed, long been in existence, and it is widely spread both in the country and abroad. But in the Sultan's imagination it is something portentous, ubiquitous. He thinks the soul of it is Midhat Pasha; Midbat, with whom the Sultan thinks no reconciliation possible, bedoes aspire, to a supreme authority in-compatible with the Sovereign's own prerogative, and cherished the scheme of a so-called democratic government with which no one but Abdul Hamid' idiot brother, Murad, or some other equally helpless weakling—a mere pup-pet in the Minister's hands—would consent to put up. The thought of Midhat absent and of Midhat's friends here preswas ent allows the Sultan no rest, and cause Midhat is often, and was lately, in England, and England is the c untry where the notions of responsible Minis ters, and of never-do-wrong Monarchs originated, he suspects the exi-tence of a party in England favorable to Midhat's views and privy to any scheme aiming at his own dethronement. The mere fact that a distinguished member of the House of Commons was intimate with the hare-brained Ali Suavi, and repeatedly resided at his house both at Stamboul and in the Lyceum in Galata Serai, contributes in no small degree to foster the Sultan's gloomy apprehensions about England's unfriendly designs.

### Umbrellas Seventy Years Old.

Some seventy years ago a large umbrella was usually kept hanging in the hall at good houses to keep visitors dry as they passed to and from their car-riages. Coffee-house keepers, provided in this way for their frequenters; but men disdained to carry such a convenience through the streets. It was held effem-

inate, indeed, to shirk a wetting.

"Take that thing away," said Lord
Cornwallis to a servant about to hold the house umbrella over him; "I am not sugar or salt in a shower." It is hard to imagine the guards under fire and umbrella at the same time.

During the action at the mayor's house, near Bayonne, in 1813, the grenadiers under Col. Tynling occupied an unfin- out beyond the bed-cover. Her husband ished redoubt near the high road. Wellington happening to ride that way, be- with direful accuracy. Awful feet! held the officers of the household regiment protecting themselves from the pelting rain with their umbellas. This was too much for the great chief's equanimity, and he instantly sent off Lord A. Hill with the message: "Lord Wellington does not approve

of the use of umbrellas under fire, and cannot allow the gentlemen's sons to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes

of the army."

A Carious Duel Case. A curious duel case has just been de-cided at Nuremberg. A law student, over and killed do not look as mussed as during his compulsory one year's service a New Yorker who slips on an orangein the army deemed himself insulted by peel. the treatment he received from a Lieutenant. On concluding his term a duel was fought, and the Lieutenant—a Prussian—was killed. The questions before the jury were whether a duel had Breakfast Table. been fought, whether it had a fatal recharges. The German papers are puzzled to account for this repetition of the decision of a recent St. Petersburg case. Some say the reason of the verdict was pity for a promising young man whom the jury did not hold responsible for acts which custom demands and the law half sanctions; others, that it was an instance of the dislike in which Prussian officers are held; and, lastly, it is believed that the jury found itself confronted with the difficulty that if the

between the rising of the sun and the go-ing down thereof, to thy pet canary bird that pineth for thy tender care.

My son, learn not thou even the hum ble art of basket-making or other skill with thy hands, for by so doing thou mightest at some future day be enabled

My sister, be the wise past under-standing, and when the husband shall die and thou shalt have beared to thee all of his possessions, his thee with haste to the diamond merchant and part with all thou hast in the purchase of one precious stone, thus doing good withal, for when the genial burglar shall enter thy dwelling and purloin thy treasure, he will rejoice that his burden is not greater than he can bear.

BOLIVIA is the boss place for officeholders. There are two thousand privates in the army and one thousand and sixteen officers. But you needn't go there, boys; the official positions are all taken up.

A Sr. Louis paper says "that pretty. Maiden teacher ought to go to Chicago, where all the schoolmarms are dried-up old deformities with feet the size of a blackboard and the shape of a turnip."

A BALLAN OF DESCRIAND

Lie still, I said, for the wind's wing closes,
And mild leaves souffic the kneet som salart;
Ide still, for the wind on the warm ass doors,
and the wind is unquieter yet than them art.
Does a shought in thee still se a thorn's wound
smart?
Does the fung still frest thee of hope deferred?
What bids his lips of thy sleep depart?
Only the song of a servet ford.

The green land's name that so harm anchoses,
It never was writ in the traveler's chart.
And sweet as the freit in its tree that grows is,
It never was sold in the merchant's mart.
The swallows of dreams through its dim delds
dart,
And sleep's are the tunes in its tree-tops heard;
No hound's note wakeon the wild wood hart.
Only the song of a secret bird.

In the world of dreams I have chosen my part,
To sleep for a season and hear no word
Of true love's truth or of hight love's art,
Only the song of a secret bird.
—nerobs no's New Follows.

#### WAIFS AND WHIMS.

THE antidote of opium is coffee. No base ball clubs in Germany. A BAINING favor te an umbrelia. DR. MARY WALKER is forty-eight

years oid. Spicios number two a day in New York City.

THE Romans hardened brase so as to cut stone.

A spinir wrapper—The paper around bottle of whisky.

IT is noticed that picnic lemonade is built without lemon-aid.

THE writing ink used by the ancients would be carled varnish to-day. A BURNING lake of sulphur has been discovered in the Indian Territory.

In China they spend \$150,000,000 a year in worshiping their ancestors. DURING the siege Paris subsisted on horse-flesh. Now it lives on strangers. A MAN without money is poor, but a man with nothing but money is poorer.

THE festive goats and sporting cows. A BABY, according to the French, is an angel, whose wings decrease as its legs lengthen.

AN epsom salts mine has been discovvered about twelve miles from Chattanooga, Tenn. MES. HANNAH COX, of Holderness,

N. H., has just celebrated her one hun-dred and second birthday. THE Nihilists in Russia show their contempt for religion by smoking cigar-

ettes in cathedrals and churches. A MAN reaches after the unattainable when he finds fault with every body and expects none to find fault with him.

THE American who thinks he knows French has only to reach Paris to find out that he doesn't even speak good English.

AT the recent Beer Congress the argument was used that the decline of Turkey is due to the temperate habits of the Turkish people. THE kindness which most men receive from others are like traces in the sand.

The breath of every passion sweeps them away from memory forever. Ir should be necessary but to grow old in order to become indulgent. We seldom see a fault committed that we

have not committed ourselves. PAIN here on earth is often nothing more than an initiation to something An Ohio woman had her foot hangin

mistook it for a burglar, and shot atit THE time present seldom fills desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment,

and we are forced to supply the deficiency by recollection or anticipation. THERE are enough houses in Washington to accommodate one hundred and fifty thousand people, and only two-thirds of that number to put in them. FIFTY-ONE metals are known to exist,

thirty of which have been discovered within the present century. Four hundred years ago but seven were known. The streets in Paris are kept so clean

A LONDON physician has solved the problem of living on a sixpence a day, but what a good many people in this country lack is the potent sixpence .-

STANLEY is an awful liar. In one of suit, and was it the accused who was his letters about Central Africa he guilty of that result. The jury gave a speaks about " the lions stalking in the verdict of "Not Guilty" on all three hills." He'll tell us next that the elephants can sing and chew tobacco.

THERE was trouble at Mrs. Leare's

funeral services, in Philadelphia, because her son John desired to sit at the head of the coffin with his two wives, one of whom the family would not recognize. "Never marry for wealth," says a contemporary, "but remember that it is just as easy to love a girl who has a brick house with a Mansard roof and a silver-plated door-bell, as one who hasn't

Timely Warnings.

My daughter, be thou timely warned.

Waste not thy days in visiting thy sick and impoverished neighbors. Go, rather, and drees thyself in fine array, and devote, at the least, six hours of thy time, between the rising of the sun and the going down thereof, to thy pet can be happy and contented unless thay are governed by laws which they have made themselves. There you are. That puts a sky-light into the mystery of how it comes so few married men find in the conjugal state the serene joy and balmy comfort bright fancy painted.—Breakfast Tohl. anything but an auburn head and ami-able disposition."

yourself, how much you have lost, how much you have not made, and the poor prospect for the future. A brave man with a soul in him gets out of such pitiful ruts and laughs at discouragement, rolls up his sleeves, whistles and sings, and makes the best of life. This earth never was intended for Paradise, and the man who rises above his discouragement and keeps his manhood will only be the stronger and better for his adversities. Many a noble ship has been saved by throwing overboard the most valuable care. cargo, and many a man is better and more humane after he has lost his gold

"HER broke down? Pooh! You "Her broke down? Pooh! You don't know her, Mrs. Raxley. She don't mind his going is to bankrupty, not a bit she don't met her salling along Fourth-street yesterday, holding her head as high as ever, and looking as happy and solf-satisfied as though she was taking a free hack ride at a funery. But it wasn't any wonder—you ought to seen the hat she had on. It was too lovely for anything, and would a cheered up even a mourner."

A Nation woman dragged her four-teen-year-old daughter from her beau, and when the latter followed her into the house, he was shut into a closet, while the mother applied a strap to the girl.